

later, and the Diamond Fields' Horse, two hundred strong, are on their way with them. I suppose Clarke will come in. Many of our old friends and acquaintances are here. Carrington is smoking a pipe in this office as I write, and Cochrane (32nd) is Clarke's D.A.A.G. Poor Fraser is not very happy, his outer store was burnt last week, and the rebels surrounded him the whole day, and shut him in completely, we went out and did what we could, but were surrounded ourselves and had to retire.'

I now add an extract from a newspaper, giving an account of the great attack on the magistracy.

'MAFETENG, *October 21st*, 1880.

'The village of Mafeteng, situated about fifteen miles from Wepener, and about eleven (not nine, as I stated previously) within the western border of Basutoland, is a magistracy of which Mr Arthur Barkly son of a former governor of the Colony, has been in charge for the last five months, that gentleman having exchanged with Mr Surmon

at Mohalie's Hoek. Besides the Magistrate's house, there was a church which had been pulled down, the house of the Rev E. Rolland, the house and shop of Mr Aschmann, court house, gaol, government stables, and a number of rough square houses, belonging to Basutos, some of which have been pulled down for military purposes. There are two or three fine fruit and flower gardens, but they are at present in a very ruinous state, the walls having been pulled down to prevent the Basutos taking advantage of them as cover. The prison is now converted into a magazine, and part of the magistrate's house is used as a hospital.

'On the 19th July (just three months from the date of the relief), the Basuto outbreak in this district commenced, there being at that time, including refugees, about one hundred native men, and nine Europeans in the station, and these few men were left quite alone until the arrival of Colonel Carrington with the left wing of the Cape Mounted Rifles. At Diphering, about a mile distant, Mr Fraser, the owner of a large trading

establishment, organised a force of twenty white volunteers and five natives, under the command of Captain Bird. On the 13th of September, Colonel Carrington arrived with about two hundred men, having been attacked about two miles from the place. Two men, a corporal and a private, were wounded in this affair, and several horses killed, about a dozen Basutos being placed *hors de combat*. The Cape Mounted Rifles immediately began patrolling the country daily, until the arrival of Mr Sprigg, on the 16th September. On the following day, Captain Shervington went out with about fifty men, and was surrounded on a kopje. Lieutenant Clarke went out to recall him, and the particulars of action which ensued, and the gallant death of Lieutenant Clarke are already before the public. On the same day Mr Sprigg left, with a strong escort, and managed, as he has himself said, to escape from the territory only with the skin of his teeth, a demonstration of Basutos being made near the border line, though no actual attack was made.

‘On the 21st September, the rebels made a grand attack on the Station. About seven thousand were actually engaged, and there was a reserve force of from two thousand to three thousand which did not come into action. On that day most of the Cape Mounted Rifles held their own camp, adjoining the magistrate’s garden, and the natives were distributed at three principal schantsen, in each of which were also stationed from six to ten of the Cape Mounted Rifles. These outposts were under the command of the magistrate, Mr Barkly who occupied the chief schantse himself; and it should not be omitted that the schantsen had been erected under Mr Barkly’s directions some time before the arrival of the Cape Mounted Rifles. The attack lasted over seven hours, the firing being almost incessant the whole time.

‘Eight thousand men, well mounted and well armed were charging to the attack at a furious pace, led by Lerothodi himself. It must have been an awful moment. The

ground literally shook under their horses' hoofs, but the little garrison never for a moment flinched. Led by such men as Carrington and Barkly, they stood their ground bravely, and poured volley after volley into the dark masses. This soon brought the Basutos to a standstill; and in order to change their tactics, they formed a circle round Mafeteng, charging repeatedly on what they must have thought the weakest point in the fortification. The schantse held by Mr Barkly, came in for the lion's share. Not less than fifty-four horses were shot by his men alone. Lerothodi at the head of his own regiment. "The Battle Axes" was ever foremost, mounted on his favourite charger (Blauwkoos), which was shot under him near Mr Aschmann's stable. And thus the Kaffirs alternately advancing and retreating, the garrison keeping up a brisk fire, the fight lasted from ten A.M. till sundown. The Kaffirs must have lost heavily. Carrying most of their dead away, as is their custom, they left about sixteen men and

eighty-six horses on the battle-field. Horses laden with dead and wounded were seen from Fraser's place going up Lerothodi's mountain in one continuous stream. I don't think it exaggeration if I put down the number killed at close on a hundred. The loss of the Colonial force was trifling.

'The Basutos' mode of fighting is principally by charging on horseback, and the way that they carry off their wounded is something wonderful, they seldom leave any, (as however they did on this occasion, which proves how heavy must have been their loss). They use a long iron hook, such as is used to lift bales of wool, about twelve inches long, and have two sharp points, with these, they quickly lift and carry away their wounded and dead comrades.

'A native sergeant of the police was wounded and one of the Cape Mounted Rifles shot through the hand. The estimated number of Basutos killed was thirty, and a large number were wounded. About ninety horses were left dead on the field.

There was afterwards a native rumour to the effect, that twenty natives died of their wounds. The attack was directed by Lerothodi himself, and it is believed that he was wounded. Only five dead were on the field the next morning, all the rest, whatever their number, having been carried off during the night.

‘After this attack nothing special occurred for a fortnight (though shots were fired into the camp almost every day), when a number of rebels occupied a ridge close to the village and kept up a desultory fire for some time. On the 15th October another attack was made from the site of a village which had been burnt down during the first attack, and which afforded splendid cover. On this occasion the Basutos were only about a thousand strong. The attack lasted two or three hours, and the native chief constable was killed by an accidental shot from one of our own men. The Basutos lost, as far as could be ascertained six men. On the 19th instant about a hundred and fifty men went out under Colonel Carrington to

co-operate with the advancing column, but the attack on that column had already been repulsed, and there was only a slight attack made upon a retreating body of the enemy. For three weeks previously the Cape Mounted Rifles had been on half rations. About the 21st September, when the whole of the cattle were carried off, the entire garrison was reduced to eating horse flesh.'

THE CAPE TOWN VOLUNTEERS

October 1880.

(From our own correspondent.)

'Aliwal North, date of despatch not given.

'Received at Cape Town, Friday, 1.47 p.m.

'Volunteers arrived this morning; proceed on probably to-morrow; all well. Commandant-General goes on to-morrow. Nothing fresh from Basutoland, but express native runners being established between Wepener and Mafeteng. Wounded from Southey's action, expected here to-morrow.

'(The purport of this telegram was pub-

lished on Friday, but the telegram itself should have been published in Saturday's paper.)

ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT

THE ATTACK UPON DIPHERING

THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLEMEN COMPELLED TO RETIRE

'Official information from the resident magistrate at Mafeteng, states that the Basutos attacked Fraser's stores at Diphering* on the 4th inst., burning dwelling-house and plundering store. Cape Mounted Riflemen went out from Mafeteng to drive off rebels, who, however, came on in such numbers that Cape Mounted Riflemen had to retire for fear of being surrounded. Mr Barkly went out with the Basuto police, and shot several of the enemy.

Before the little garrison were relieved by General Mansfield-Clarke, they were reduced to very short rations. My

(* This attack was reported to us by our Free State correspondent, and appeared in our issue of Saturday last.—Editor, *Cape Times*.)

husband wrote to me as follows—'Your note reached me last night, also the hard boiled eggs, and cooked sausages by the express runner, they were very acceptable! Many thanks for them. There was a ration of horse served out to-day, and there are some geese about, which we are eating. We expect a strong attack, when Clarke and his force come in to relieve us. I have not slept in the schantse lately, as I have another place now. I do not expect a night attack, so sleep in the "vedette" very comfortably. I am very well and much thinner from having to ride and walk about so much—I have told the cook, to put some horse steaks on the fire to-night to see if anyone will find it out.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE BASUTO REBELLION

Extract from *Times*, 28th October, 1880.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

‘CAPE TOWN, October 5.

THE outbreak of hostilities in Basutoland has completely falsified the hopes of those optimists, who thought that a policy of moderation and forbearance would prevent the necessity of an appeal to arms for the maintenance of law and order in that territory. The conciliatory efforts of the Government to win the rebel chiefs back to loyalty have been tried, and failed. The answer that the Premier sent to Letsea's petition for

patience to be shown towards his rebellious sons, contained demands of so lenient a nature, that, had there been any sincerity in their repentance, or had it been their intention to preserve the peace of the country as far as they could, without any actual sacrifice on their part, they would immediately have complied with its requirements, which involved only a nominal surrender of arms and submission to a fine.

'The first overt act of aggression in the present rebellion was committed by Lerothodi's followers on the 13th of September. Particulars of the circumstance have been furnished both by Mr A. C. Barkly, the magistrate at Mafeteng, and by Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington, C.M.G., commanding the left wing of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who were ordered to occupy the magistracy, up to that time held by a few mounted police. Mr Barkly, on hearing that the Cape Mounted Rifles were advancing, and were three or four miles distant, went out with fifteen men to meet them. When about a mile from Mafeteng, he saw a

number of Basutos gathered a short distance off, one of whom came to him with a message from Lerothodi, that he desired to see him but that Lerothodi was afraid an attempt might be made to capture or kill him, so he would not trust himself alone with the party. Mr Barkly proposed to meet him half-way, to which Lerothodi agreed, and Mr Barkly then moved forward alone to meet him. Some of the rebels objected that Mr Barkly had a revolver on him, so he unslung it at once and threw it on the grass some distance from him, and then holding up his hands to show that he was unarmed, waited for Lerothodi, who evidently wished to approach, but some of his people endeavoured to prevent him ; but he broke through them and joined Mr Barkly, and in an excited manner, asked what were the troops coming for. Mr Barkly answered simply for the protection and safety of the place, and that if the Basutos remained quietly at their villages, no harm would come to them. Lerothodi then said that the troops had already fired at his men, but

Mr Barkly said he was not aware of it. The head of the column just then appearing in sight, Lerothodi pointing them out, said, "See, here are the troops coming; order them back at once;" but Mr Barkly replied, he had no power to do so, and advised him to remain quiet. He then grasped Mr Barkly's hand and shook it violently, jumped on his horse, and returned to his party.

'Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington, in his dispatch, states that when he marched within two miles of Mafeteng, he found the rebels about 600 strong, holding a rocky position commanding the road, and they opened fire upon the rifles, which the latter were not allowed to return, until thirty shots had been fired and one horse had been killed. Mr Barkly, with the native police, was in front, and, after the firing, was talking to Lerothodi and only left him when a shot was fired past his head by one of the enemy; but while the parley between Mr Barkly and Lerothodi was going on Carrington turned the flank of the rebel position. As soon as

they saw this they galloped down and opened fire, which was returned, but on the Cape Mounted Rifles and police advancing against them at a gallop they turned and fled, and, although they attempted to rally at each rocky place they came to, they were totally routed and pursued for several miles, five of them being killed and Lerothodi's horse wounded. Colonel Carrington formed camp at Mafeteng, 'laagering' the waggons and making himself secure within intrenchments, while small bodies of his men harassed the enemy in the neighbouring villages—Captain Shervington and Lieutenants Carsensen, Clarke, and M'Mullen leading in the skirmishes which took place. In one of these on the 17th of September, a vedette named Bernard White was killed, and in another Lieutenant Clarke C.M.R., fell. The latter must not be confounded with Brigadier Clarke C.B., the Commandant-General of the Colonial Forces. Lieutenant Clarke was sent out with reinforcements to cover some of Captain Shervington's men, who were in danger from a force of 1200 rebels surround-

ing them. In covering their retreat, the horse of one of the Riflemen, Private Magee was killed, and he himself wounded, whereupon Lieutenant Clarke, although closely pressed by the enemy, stopped and dismounted, placing the wounded man upon his horse, which, however, threw them both and broke away, and he and Magee being left in the midst of the rebels were immediately surrounded and cut to pieces. Clarke was seen to make a desperate resistance, killing three or more of the enemy. The bodies of the dead were afterwards recovered. These were our only casualties; while the rebels had from 40 to 50 killed and wounded. After this the Basutos seemed to have determined on a simultaneous attack upon the garrisons at the Magistracies of Maseru, Mafeteng, and Mohalie's Hoek; but Mafeteng and a neighbouring trading station, (Diphering) bore the brunt of it, Lerothodi himself, with a following of about five thousand men, well armed and mounted, leading the assault. The defending force consisted only of two hundred Cape Mounted

Rifles, one hundred and twenty natives and a few volunteers; but they had made preparations for the attack; as on reconnoitering Lerothodi's kraal the previous evening it was observed that large reinforcements had arrived there, and an attempt on the camp was therefore expected. The men were disposed as follows:—

‘The three schantses (temporary fortifications with high walls and a traverse) above the court-house were commanded by Mr Barkly. The main schantse was held by fourteen Cape Mounted Rifles and two volunteers with Mr Barkly. No. 2 schantse by thirteen Cape Mounted Rifles and twelve natives. No. 3 schantse by eight Mounted Rifles, fifteen natives and Mr Mallraison. Diphering, Mr Fraser's store, was held by twenty-five Cape Mounted Rifles, twenty-five volunteers, and Captain Montague. The intrenchment, stone horse-kraal and Mr Barkly's house and hospital all adjoining, were held by one hundred and thirty-six Cape Mounted Rifles, waggon-drivers, and a few natives; the house and hospital

being in charge of Dr Smith, the men firing from barricaded windows and the roof of the house which was sand-bagged. The court-house was loop-holed and defended by the remainder of Mr Barkly's native police and a few volunteers.

'Colonel Carrington reporting to the Commandant-General the particulars of this engagement which occurred on the 21st of September, states that the enemy first swept down and carried off the cattle notwithstanding all the efforts of the mounted guard, the herds having fled. They then advanced with supports and large reserves from every side, charging down at the top of their speed, while our men kept up a steady and well-directed fire from all sides of intrenchment, both sides of the horse-kraal, and from the windows and roof of the house. Colonel Carrington says a very dashing charge was made by the enemy down the main road to Mafeteng led by a chief; at about one hundred yards they were turned by a heavy fire from the main schantse and court-house and had their leader shot. This attack,'

he continues, 'had scarcely been repulsed when about one thousand five hundred men moved from the left, and, on gaining the road, wheeled to the right and charged at full speed. They were met with a heavy volley at four hundred yards, which checked but did not completely stop them, and, though the majority retired, some two hundred to three hundred of the boldest continued the charge under a heavy fire until they gained the shelter of a wall and rocky ledge immediately below the main schantse. Some of these men burnt a house close to the schantse, and crept up to within fifty yards, building stones up in front of them and loop-holing a sod wall of a garden. Fresh charges were repeatedly made by the enemy in the face of the fire to reinforce these men, while we sent men up from Mr Barkly's house with water and fresh supplies and ammunition for the schantses. At five o'clock P.M. having gone up to the main schantse to Mr Barkly, I sent down to Captain Shervington instructions to sally out with twenty-five mounted men and

charge on the right flank. This he did in the most gallant manner under their fire and dislodged the enemy, who were about four hundred strong close underneath the schantse, from fifty yards up to four hundred yards. A tremendous fire was at once opened upon their retreating, they continually dismounted and picked up their dead and wounded. Fifty-nine dead horses and some seven to eight bodies lay round the schantse. Captian Shervington, by my orders, did not pursue, as the reserves in masses came down at once. A very large number of dead and wounded were lying behind a sod wall, but they were carefully covered by a large reserve, and most of them carried away after dark. Our casualties were of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, Corporal W. Brownlee and Privates S. Meyer, J. Bevan, and W. Curran, gunshot wounds, and one of the Basuto police also wounded. The smallness of the list was owing to the fact that every man was under cover, erected with the greatest care by Lieutenant Carstensen,

Cape Mounted Rifles, a young officer formerly in the Prussian Army. The enemy were well armed with Martini-Henry and Snider rifles, as was proved by the large number of cartridge cases found. Their loss was estimated at a hundred and fifty killed and incapacitated, and the ground around the camp was strewn with dead and wounded horses. . . .

‘The Colonial Government has now to stamp out the rebellion and maintain the authority of Her Majesty the Queen all along our native border, by its own unaided efforts. The Imperial authorities have prohibited the assistance of even a single soldier, and the knowledge of this has, unfortunately, spread throughout Basutoland and even parts of Caffreland, greatly increasing the difficulties of our position. The ministry and the colonists generally, however, have accepted the responsibility upon the understanding that there shall be no Imperial interference hereafter in the settlement of the country when the rebels are subdued.’

Extract from a letter to Miss Barkly
from Arthur :

‘CAMP IN THE NEK,
‘EIGHT MILES FROM MAFETENG,
‘December 10th, 1879.

‘MY DEAR BLANCHE,—I am afraid I owe you more than one letter, but there has been very little time for writing of late since I rejoined Carrington here (as staff-officer), about a week ago. I have been worked off my legs. Not to mention fighting, there is plenty of staff work to do. Yesterday we had a sharp fight in the morning, and scribbling all the afternoon. We have twelve hundred men here, of which of course we always have to have four hundred in camp. About a thousand burghers are camped between us and Mafeteng, and they keep up a skirmish with the enemy and the garrison of Mafeteng—four hundred men, under Southey. This gives us available force for patrolling (as they call going out with a column, in this country). There are about eight thousand of the enemy in strong position in front of us. What we generally

accomplish when we go forth to battle you can see from the papers. It is nearly always raining, which does not improve matters. We shall go in to Mafeteng for Christmas, I fancy. A great many of our old friends are here. Hercules Tennant is assistant staff-officer, and a very good one. He stops at Mafeteng, and does the work there while I go with Carrington. Dalgety is field-adjutant, and had a very narrow escape yesterday, a bullet going through his sleeve and a silk handkerchief which he had tied round his wrist. He is a very smart and plucky young fellow, and we were delighted to find that he wasn't hurt at all, nor even grazed by the bullet.'

Before hostilities actually commenced I hoped to have been able to go in to Mafeteng to see the fortifications and the Residency, etc., all prepared for an attack, but my hopes of spending Christmas there with Arthur were dashed to the ground on the 22nd December, 1879, by a note from him, in which he said :

‘ Only a line, to say that we have received warnings from several sources of an intended attack on Mafeteng about Christmas-time, so that it would not be safe for you and the children or any other ladies to come. I cannot under these circumstances come myself to see you all at Wepener either, as I should otherwise do. All best wishes for Christmas to you all,’ etc.

A terrible Christmas I spent, full of anxiety and misery. On Christmas Day I only managed to get enough for the children to eat, but not a morsel could I get for myself at all, and did not like to ask anyone for food, as all were in want of it, everything having been supplied to the troops in camp close by. The continuous strain, anxiety, and hard work were too much, and one night, when quite alone in the cottage with my little children, I was taken dangerously ill, tried to call for help, but all in vain. The old Zulu was nowhere to be found, and I was too ill to get to the nearest house. In the morning I managed to send for our good

Dr Reece, who came at once, and found me more dead than alive and terribly ill. Fortunately, indeed, my friend, Miss Stenson, our clergyman's daughter, who had been hospital-trained at Bloemfontein, came and offered her services and looked after the poor children and myself. I became unconscious, and was very ill for days and days, but got through it all somehow or other, and shall never forget Miss Stenson's kindness to me during this dreadful time.

CHAPTER XVII

DARK DAYS

EACH day seemed to bring with it fresh troubles and anxieties and I lived in a state of terror always, never knowing a moment's peace, besides which, I was quite worn out with hard work. My Basuto nurse left me suddenly, having had a 'call' from her chief, and I could not get another one anywhere. A Dutch woman came in when she felt inclined, and did a little work, but was not to be depended upon, and I had my four little children to look after night and day, with only one old Zulu as a 'stand-by.' When I engaged this old man, who was the only one I could get, he told me that he didn't know how to do any kind of work in

the house, but could only *fight* and look after sheep! However, I was glad enough to get even him, just to do a little rough work for me, and he was a very quiet, sober old man, but used constantly to go away at night, leaving me alone with the little ones, two of whom were quite babies, and having to get up every night to receive the expresses and send them on, write letters and telegrams, and send in little parcels of food to the poor people shut up in Mafeteng, was hard work after a day's fatigue also.

About the 6th October at two o'clock in the morning, a runner came in breathless with excitement, with letters from Arthur, and imploring messages from the Frasers at Diphering, close to Mafeteng, begging me to send someone at once to Aliwal North, with telegrams to head-quarters to hurry up the relief as quickly as possible. The Frasers' nice house was burning and was utterly destroyed by the Basutos, and part of their great store also. There had been a fight at Diphering a few days before, and they were completely hemmed in by

the rebels, and could not get any water there. Of course I at once sent a messenger to Captain Aschmann, and Mr F. Becker, the consul, and one or two others, to ask who would volunteer to start at once for Aliwal North, with telegrams to the Governor and Premier, and inform them of the state of affairs, and take letters to the Civil Commissioner, Captain Hunt, there. Captain Aschmann immediately offered to drive to Aliwal, so I wrote out telegrams as quickly as I could to Sir Bartle Frere and Mr Sprigg, imploring them to hurry up the relief as quickly as possible. I heard afterwards, that these telegrams of mine, were posted up all over Cape Town (of course not in my name), and were sent home where they appeared in the *Times*. The governor ordered his carriage as soon as he received them, and went at once to the Premier's house, and orders were at once given to hurry the reinforcements to the front as quickly as possible.

News reached me afterwards that Arthur went out at once with a small party of the

C.M.R. to try and draw off the rebels from them, and enable them to get water. He did so with a vengeance. Lerothodi came galloping down from his village, with about four hundred men, and tried to cut them off from the camp, which he very nearly succeeded in doing. There was hot fire on both sides, and soon at least four hundred Basutos came out on every point, and opened fire on Arthur and his little force, but happily no one was wounded at all on our side, while I believe nine Basutos were killed, according to the express-runner, who gave me an account of the fight the same night at Wepener, he himself was also fighting. This little skirmish diverted the rebels from the Frasers and their small garrison, and enabled them to get water from a well outside their store. Arthur got within range with about sixteen rifles and volunteers, and drove off the whole lot round the store; meanwhile a troop of C.M.R. had cleared the kopje above.

The rebels, however, came back and Arthur was going for them again, when he

saw Lerothodi himself with his 'battle-axe' regiment, coming towards him, so he rode smartly for the Dutch boer's refuge, a 'sluit' (watercourse) and though the bullets whistled freely round him and his men, they soon drove them ('battle-axes') back again, leaving two or three dead horses behind them.

Meanwhile the forces were gradually assembling from the Colony, but the numbers were very small in comparison to the rebels whom they were to conquer. On the 12th October, 1880 Brigadier-General Clarke, with Colonel Southey and about four hundred yeomanry, and Cape Mounted Rifles, with two guns, were encamped at Wepener, waiting for reinforcements before coming into Basutoland, as the enemy was very strong. The little garrison at Mafeteng were reduced to short rations, and living chiefly on horse flesh, no vegetables, nothing to drink but tea. The poor fellows tried to support nature on these short commons, by eating butter-scotch all day long! They seemed wonderfully cheerful, considering all things,

and up to this time Arthur appeared none the worse for sleeping out night after night in the open schantises, during very wet weather, with his clothes and boots on, ready for an attack at any moment. Unfortunately it told upon him afterwards, and he was very ill indeed.

I drove out one day with Captain Aschmann close to the Border to see the camp. Colonel Brabant had just marched in to Wepener. It was a striking spectacle to see the Basuto villages burning, and we were so near at Wepener, that we could always see them, and hear the roaring of the cannons most distinctly. The Brigadier-General came at once to see me, when he arrived, and was most kind to the children; he spoke very warmly of Arthur's 'good work' and share in the attack on Mafeteng, and all through the campaign was always most friendly with both of us, and we thought him a charming man, and a thorough soldier all round.

CHAPTER XVIII

ARRIVAL OF MORE TROOPS

LEROTHODI sent a message to-day to the President of the Free State, Sir J. Brand, to ask if he might attack the English camp here. The President had just left, and I was somewhat afraid that he might take French leave, which would have been by no means pleasant for us, as we were so near it, but I was told that he would not really dare to do so, as that would be declaring war with the Orange Free State also. Poor Colonel Griffiths came to luncheon with us, and seemed quite crushed with all his misfortunes, and by all the damage done to the headquarters at Maseru, at a recent attack made upon it by the rebels. I felt very

sorry for him, as no doubt he had done his best to carry out the wishes of the Government, but had an impossible task to perform.

The Basutos made the most of their time while we were anxiously waiting for troops to arrive from the colony—and became more and more insolent to the officials and other Englishmen, the natives had plenty of their own food, and were amply supplied with horses and guns, besides brandy and blankets, by the Dutch Boers from the Free State, and by unprincipled Englishmen on the Border also.

Their numbers far exceeded those of any forces which we could bring against them, while ours fell far short always of what was required for the work. General Clarke determined not to risk going in to Mafeteng, until sufficient reinforcements arrived, to enable him to 'cut out' (as they called it) the little garrison at Mafeteng, and they had to wait also for sufficient supplies to come up, as it was of course impossible to take troops in without plenty of food, they being already on half

rations there. A large camp was formed near Wepener, and everything put in proper train for the military operations. A regular heliograph station was established on the top of a hill, near my little cottage, and I used often to ride up there, and see the officers signalling to the camp in Mafeteng, and could watch the convoys of mounted troops and waggons with the officers in charge, going through the enemy's country, nine or ten miles to Mafeteng, and see the fighting when they were attacked by the rebels, *en route*, as they usually were.

CHAPTER XIX

RELIEF OF MAFETENG

ON the 19th of October, 1880, Brigadier-General Clarke, Commandant-in-chief of the colonial forces, succeeded in relieving Mafeteng. My husband wrote to me that night :

‘Just time for a line. Received your letter. This afternoon Clarke got in, but suffered very heavily. The rebels made their “assegai charge” and caught two or three troops of the 1st Yeomanry extended in skirmishing order, and killed thirty two, wounding eleven. They were, however, severely punished, and over thirty cut to pieces. They retired steadily, however, from kopje to kopje, the artillery firing upon them. We saw the fight from the

Hog's Back ridge, and though Lerothodi had about twelve hundred men in Molet-sane's village, they did not attack us. Carrington and I went out with the C.M.R. and I took command of twenty-five men, police, etc. (whom I had sent down to Fraser the night before), and galloped round to the right, while the C.M.R. went to the left of Fraser's kopje. We got within range of some of the rebels, and drove them off a ridge in our front, but were recalled by Clarke.

'I am to be Commandant to date from the thirteenth of last month, and am to be attached to Carrington's column, I hold no less than three appointments now, command of my own Contingent, "Barkly's horse," Staff-officer to the Brigadier-General, and also do some Magisterial duties, so shall have plenty of hard work.'

The action lasted about three hours, and from five thousand to eight thousand Basutos were engaged—shells were thrown,

and after much skirmishing, Mafeteng was relieved.

In Wepener all was bustle and excitement at the camp. More troops kept marching in, and Captain Waring, who commanded the Communications and Base, was never at rest for a moment, but worked night and day, endeavouring to regulate everything properly. My husband put us under his charge, and he showed us the greatest kindness always, and never failed to help us out of any difficulty, if he possibly could.

The little church at Wepener under the Bloemfontein Mission (where such hearty services had always been held by Mr Stenson, son of the clergyman at Mohale's Hoek, who had been well trained in the Bloemfontein College,) was now taken and fitted up as a camp hospital for the wounded. As it was close to us I frequently went there, and did what little I could, to help the poor fellows, most of whom bore their sufferings most bravely and patiently, they seemed to like to see an Englishwoman, and I used to write letters to their friends at

home for them, and try to cheer them up. Many of them were sons of friends at the Cape, or in England, who had brought out letters of introduction to my husband and myself, some of those especially in the Cape Mounted Rifles, a very fine Corps, composed chiefly of the sons of gentlemen. Harry and Nancy used to go frequently with me, to see the wounded men and chat with them, but Nancy's ideas on the subject were rather peculiar, and for some time she firmly believed that all the poor men who died in the hospital from the effect of their wounds, or else from camp fever, were killed by the doctors. Her elder brother took great pains to enlighten her on the subject, however.

Harry was always wishing to go and join his father 'to fight the Kaffirs,' and one day was lost for a long time, much to my terror. He had actually started for Mafeteng to go to his father, but was fortunately found by some officers, and brought home again.

He had a great many questions to ask his

father on the subject of the war, when he next saw him :—

‘Are you allowed to kill people, father?’ on being told that it was permitted during the ‘Gun war,’ ‘Oh then,’ replied Harry, ‘Why don’t you kill my schoolmaster?’ and he was much surprised that Arthur should neglect such an eligible opportunity!

CHAPTER XX

SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON LEROTHODI'S VILLAGE

ON the 22nd October 1880, there was a very sharp fight, and Lerothodi's village was taken. I heard from Arthur that they had been having a busy time of it in camp, as the General was a very smart officer, one of Lord Wolseley's school, and kept everybody moving. Arthur wrote :

' A column under Carrington, consisting of two hundred and fifty C.M.R. the Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town Volunteers, my contingent and Surmon's went at break of day to attack Lerothodi in his village. Clarke came out, but merely as a looker-on, leaving it all to Carrington.

We moved up below the ridge on which

the village stands, rushed a small kraal (Kaffir homestead) at its foot under smart fire, ran the guns into this and opened fire, and at the same time seized a kopje on the left, which communicated with the village. The party who seized this, a troop of C.M.R. with the Mafeteng and Mohale's Hoek contingents, (I did not lead my men that day, as I was with Carrington, and had only forty out) actually got into Lerothodi's village, when a large commando of Basutos suddenly appeared and the recall was sounded. Everyone came out and we hauled the gun and the mortars with dray-ropes up the kopje, and soon drove off the commando on the left, but by this time the whole line was astir and Moletsane's men from the right, swarmed through the gorges into the village, and the sluits and kopjes around. For two or three hours we could not dislodge them, but at last a large spruit, which was the key of their position, was pluckily rushed by the two volunteer corps, (who are very good indeed), and the two troops

C.M.R., when the enemy at once abandoned all the positions below the village to our right, under a tremendous fire of guns, musketry and mortars, which we kept up from above, (where Carrington and all of us were) but one fellow left the sluits and pursued the enemy who were tremendously cut up. Then we rushed the village, and terribly hard work it was, all uphill. I got so blown, I could not run another yard, and Clarke was even worse. He was laughing and waving his sword, and trying to get up a jog-trot but in vain, and we nearly all had to walk before we got in.

‘The enemy fired at us until we got up within a few yards, but so badly that very few were hit. One fellow fired point blank at me from a schantse about thirty yards off, and missed me clean. I took a carbine and fired at him, but he cleared out.

‘We burnt the village to the ground and retired, getting back to camp about five o'clock P.M., having been out fourteen hours, with but very little to eat or drink. We only had sixteen wounded, of whom one

died, but we had a lot of men struck by spent bullets, of which there are always a great many, as the enemy use smooth bores a good deal, though a large per centage of them have excellent rifles. A ball cut my coat, but did not damage me at all, I am so used to them now, that I hardly notice them, unless the fire is unusually hot. On Monday, Clarke took out the whole force, excepting about three hundred men left in garrison, with his empty train of waggons to bring in supplies, which were waiting, and had "laagered" on the border.'

Extract from the *Times*, Friday, November 19, 1880.

THE BASUTO WAR

(From our Correspondent)

'CAPE TOWN, October 26.

'When I last wrote there was little relief to the dark clouds which hung loweringly over our position in Basutoland. The rebels were testifying by revolt and rapine their ingratitude for the efforts of our government and people to protect them and assist

them in their progress from barbarism towards civilisation. Three of the seats of magistracy were closely invested by overwhelming numbers who repeatedly made enraged rushes upon their small bands of gallant defenders and only at two places, Leribe and Quithing, were the loyal people and the representatives of government holding their position undisturbed. Since then the colonial government has been able to muster its forces, to equip its men and to march some of them over a distance of one thousand miles to the scene of rebellion. The besieged garrisons of Mohale's Hoek and Mafeteng have been relieved, and they, together with our troops, are now able to take the offensive against the enemy, and have indeed, already inflicted upon them a telling defeat in the capture and destruction of the Chief Lerothodi's stronghold.

' Brigadier-General Clarke, the commandant-general of the colonial forces, effected the relief of Mafeteng on the 19th of October. His column consisted of some one thousand seven hundred men with field guns and

mortars, and upwards of forty waggons and ambulances, besides spans of slaughtered oxen for the garrison, as it was known Mr Barkly's gallant band and Carrington's force were in want of provisions, having been for several days on rations of horse-flesh. They formed a considerable train as they marched from their camp on the Free State border.

'The 1st Cape Mounted Yeomanry under Colonel Brabant, being the advance guard and supports; the 2nd Yeomanry, under Colonel Southey and Cape Mounted Rifles flanking detachments; and the 3rd Yeomanry Kimberley Horse, and Captain Hunt's Volunteers the rear guard. The 1st City Rifles, (Graham's Town), Prince Alfred's Guard (Port Elizabeth), and the Mohale's Hoek contingent marched on the left of the column, and the Duke of Edinburgh's own Volunteer Rifles (Cape Town) at the right.

'Mafeteng being the key of the military position in Basutoland, the general commanding threw up a small fort between that place and Diphering and made the position of his camp secure, while he, with an escort,

reconnoitered towards Lerothodi's stronghold. On the 22nd of October this place was gallantly taken, with very slight loss on our side, and a severe defeat inflicted upon the rebels. General Clarke, in the following official despatch to the Premier, details the operations :

' CAMP, NEAR MAFETENG,

' *October 22.*

' Leaving the laager near Mafeteng, protected by the three Yeomanry regiments, I moved the remainder of the force soon after three this morning, augmented by all the men that could be spared from the garrison of Mafeteng, against the village of Lerothodi, situated on a strong mountain position some three miles distant. The force was placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington, Cape Mounted Rifles. Daylight broke as we approached the village, and the rebels were thereby enabled to occupy it in sufficiently strong force to prevent a surprise, which was nearly effected. The troops gained a rocky plateau some nine hundred yards from the neck on which

the village is situated, without loss, although the natives held it in some force, and I cannot understand how they allowed us to gain this ground. The rebels were seen hurrying in large numbers from all parts of the country, and shortly held the village in strong force. The seven pounder gun and two five and a-half inch mortars were dragged up to the plateau we had gained by hand, and the fire from the guns soon drove those in the open to a respectful distance, as large numbers had occupied a rocky gorge on our right.'

CHAPTER XXI

MORE FIGHTING

At the beginning of November Arthur wrote word that General Clarke had a tremendous fight over the attack on Moletsane's Mountain. Arthur was out the whole day long, under strong fire, and exposed to terrible dangers and fatigues and having nothing to eat all day but a few sardines and a bit of dry bread. He made a great effort to keep up, and would not give in, but this affair proved to be the last straw, and he was taken very ill with camp fever, etc., and afterwards invalided to Wepener. I had only a line beforehand from him written in pencil, to say that he was ill, and put on

the sick list, and it gave me a terrible shock when Captain Montague, C.M.R. rode over in advance to tell me that Arthur was very ill and coming in at once. He arrived in an ambulance waggon, with a large mounted escort, the Geneva flag flying, and poor Arthur lying on a mattress inside the ambulance waggon. The doctors who attended him told me that his illness was caused chiefly by the immense amount of exertion which he had gone through, during the last few months, and the great strain both mentally and bodily, and also by drinking bad water while on patrol. Fortunately we were able to obtain plenty of 'hospital comforts' for him, and the hospital cooks kept him well supplied with good food which was sent to our cottage for him. So, with complete rest and nursing, he soon became much better and able to walk about a little. The P. M. O. and all the other doctors implored him not to go back to the field until completely restored to health, and, in fact, ordered him right away for change, but he wouldn't listen to any of

them, and insisted on going into Mafeteng again as soon as he possibly could, in command of a convoy with eight hundred burghers and one hundred yeomanry. When he was actually on the sick list and still very weak, he managed to get in with the convoy to Mafeteng, and resumed all his duties, both civil and military, but the many hardships and constant exposure had told upon his constitution, and he was soon invalided again. I was very glad that I had remained in Wepener instead of going away, as I was able to nurse him.

After visiting Hermon, a French mission station, and burning a village or two belonging to the enemy en route, the General, my husband, and the rest of the staff rode into Wepener, to see us and have luncheon in our little cottage. I got a message a few minutes before only, to say that 'The General, Commandant Barkly, and others, were coming to luncheon.'

As ill-luck would have it, the Dutchwoman who sometimes helped me, had stayed at home that day, and I had no one to help me